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OUR SLEEPING BEAUTY.

MAY THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY BE THE PRINCE WHO WILL AWAKEN HER TO A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE.



"COME, DO IT, AGAIN!"

A RHYME IN TWO PARTS.

(Part One, by Rudyard Kipling.)

AN AMERICAN.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate,
Or match with Destiny for beers.

(Part Two, by Carlyle Smith.)

A SUGGESTION.



BY JINGO! Kipling, dear, you 're out of sight
When of Americans you try to write.
Yes, sir! "Enslaved, illogical, elate" —
That 's what we are; you 've got it pretty straight.
'T is true we 'll "match with Destiny for beers," —
We 're great on matching, natural gamboliers;
And when it comes to Fate, that "iron hand"
We 'll shake till poor old Fate's shrieks fill the land.
Nay, more, sweet poet; for a dime we 'll tweak
Fate's pretty nose, or smite her on the cheek!
There is n't much, dear Kippy, 'twixt us two,
Worth doing that we will not try to do;
But when we try it on that British flag,
That waves in every quarter where there 's swag,
That flag comes down, and so our head hath grown
Until 't is 'most as large as Britain's own.
Cubs like ourselves, bad-mannered, and elate,
Enslaved and rather rude to poor old Fate, —
To be reformed need thrashing, not the pen;
Why don't you British thrash us once again?

THE ORGANIST'S MISTAKE.

COLVER. — How did Westervelt's wedding go off?
DEMAREST. — All right, except when his old chum, the organist, got the wedding music mixed with some from Westervelt's bachelor dinner, and started to play "The Streets of Cairo."



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HAD N'T THAT "TIRED" FEELING.

OLD GENTLEMAN (purchasing Sunday paper). — "V"
don't these big, Sunday papers make you tired?
SMALL BOY. — No, sir! I never reads 'e

A CONSIDERATE MISTRESS.



MISTRESS. — O Dutchy! I am afraid you will catch your death of cold. You are shivering so you can hardly walk.



Ah! that is fine! Now you will not be cold, Dutchy! I don't need the muff at all.



"VERSES VAIN."

STEELE PENN, the poet, amorous of Rosa Budd, indited
A valentine in verse, with which he knew she 'd be delighted,
Upon the night preceding the fourteenth of February,
Confiding in his genius — and his rhyming dictionary.

He did n't spare the "hearts" and "darts;" he put the "mines" and
"thines" in,

And all the usual jingles that we write our Valentines in,
Until there grew to form beneath his well-accustomed hands a
Decidedly neat piece of work, with eight lines to a stanza.

He finished it — he mailed it — and exclaimed: "The prize is won, for
She 'll not resist my poesy, and Jackson will be done for!"
(This Jackson was a rival — oh! a rival to be dreaded!
A coarse, commercial creature, quite commercially hard-headed.)

Now, Jackson's mind was one which all aesthetics went beyond — he
Could not have told, to save his life, a dactyl from a spondee.
Unskilled in song, he 'd never paid the least attention to it,
And, as for writing verses, why, he simply could n't do it!

Mankind 's a noble study, but so likewise womankind is,
And, in regard to studies, Jackson to this last confined his;
Wherefrom he 'd learned that girls consider love confessions sweeter
When they 're conveyed by word of mouth, instead of words in metre.

Then, furthermore, it seemed to him — indeed, it would to most men —
The wisest plan to trust his tongue in place of U. S. postmen;
And so it proved — for Rosa Budd gave him her leave to marry her
Twelve hours before Penn's missive was delivered by the carrier!

Now, suitors, strive to imitate the pattern set by Jackson,
And don't propose in poetry, but speak prose Anglo-Saxon;
Choose lesser themes than love to write epistolary verse on,
And take good care that you present your valentines in person!

Manley H. Pike.



DWARF AND GIANT.

A DWARF and a giant met on the high-road
and had a heated discussion about
their respective abilities. The dwarf
claimed ascendancy for his mental
agility, while the giant held out
for the supremacy of his own bone
and brawn. They sat down to
argue it out, stipulating that the
victor in the dispute could claim
the loser for a slave.

"Mind has always had control
of matter!" shrieked the dwarf.
"Look at mighty mountains
blown to bits at the touch of a
man's finger on an electric but-
ton! Think of the telegraph
annihilating distance! Think
of the railroad!" And he went
on with such a stream of talk
that the poor bewildered giant
gave it up in despair.

"You have won," he said;
and he slapped his hand on the
ground in disgust.

"Come, master, what is your
will?"

Surprised at receiving no an-
swer, he looked around, and dis-
covered that he had mashed the
little Dwarf to the ground with
that move of his mighty hand.

"Well, well," he said; "I'm
sorry for you, but it all came from
that talk of yours. I now see that
while all good argument is sound,
all good sound is not argument by
a dead-dwarf sight."

And he picked up his stick and
resumed his journey.

H. W. Phillips.



NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

CHOLLY.—Aw! yahs, old fellah! There 's one beauty about me.
DOLLY.—And, pway, what is that, old man?

CHOLLY.—Liquor can nevah get a hold on me. I can stop
dwincking whenever I wish. I have such a stwong will, y' know.

A FAILURE.

FIRST ARTIST.—Did you paint Stamp, the
tragedian, in that tragic rôle yet?

SECOND ARTIST.—No; that 's off.

FIRST ARTIST.—What 's the trouble?

SECOND ARTIST.—Well, he 'd assume
the pose all right, but he could n't keep
it — there was n't any applause.

HEADS AND HATS.

"Can it be that I am insane?"
she suddenly asked herself, and
paled with terror at the suggestion.

She had been trying on bonnets
now for three weeks, working ten
hours each day, and still she
found nothing that became her.

Possibly her head was not
right. It was an awful thought!

HOW HE ACTED.

UNCLE JOSH.—They had
some words an' Hiram told Silas
he was n't any better 'n he
ought to be.

AUNT HETTY.—Did Silas
git mad?

UNCLE JOSH.—He got so
mad ye 'd think he thought he
was better 'n he ought to be.

A NEW BROOM sweeps clean,
but it is not a new broom
after the first few strokes.

THE EGOTIST should remember
that even postage-stamps be-
come unpopular when they get stuck
on themselves.

HER ADVICE.



NE THING MORE!"

With an expression of intense earnestness on his frank and open countenance, the young man took once again the beautiful tapering hand that he had been holding, and gazed long and deeply into the eyes so lovingly fixed upon his. "Only one thing more," he continued, as he moved a trifle closer on the sofa, his voice growing richer and clearer as he proceeded. "Miss Clara, my dearest, the prompt manner in which you have responded to my avowal of love, to all those feelings which, having been locked up in my breast for so long, have at last broken their bonds, has filled me with the keenest joy; and now all that remains for me to do is to gain your father's consent; for, my darling, you do not know me if you think that I would consider an engagement as binding, or would allow myself to enter upon the full rhapsody of that highest bliss, without first gaining the consent of your parent. Brought up from my earliest infancy to entertain the nicest view of that honor which is the integral part of every true man's character, far would it be from my nature to take advantage of your father's absence to hasten into an engagement. I would not for one moment do anything which could be criticised in the slightest manner. And yet, in view of your father's long absence—I think you said he would be away for three weeks—tell me, dearest, if you think it would be entrenching too much on motives of delicacy, on that good taste, that respect for parental authority, for me, during the interval, to kiss you?"

With an air of deep thought, which indicated but too plainly how keenly she appreciated the gravity of the situation, the young girl sat for some moments without replying.

"Of course, dear," she said at last, "you will have to decide the matter for yourself, and it would not be becoming in me to influence you in any way; but there is one thing that perhaps I had better tell you. In case you should decide this matter in the negative, I beg of you not to say anything to Papa about it."

"Not say anything to him?" he repeated wonderingly. "Not tell him of the high and noble purpose that has animated me? Why not?"

"Because, dear," she replied; "if my father knew that you waited for three weeks to kiss me, he would n't think of giving his consent."

KILLING TWO BIRDS.

LITTLE SISTER.—If you eat all that cake you 'll be sick.

LITTLE BROTHER.—And then, may be, I won't have to go to school to-morrow!

A RUDE AWAKENING.

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MRS. PAWNSTEIN.—Gracious, Bennie, your poor fader has got a derrible nightmare!—ve must vake him up.



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MORTIFYING.

CLARA.—Why so melancholy?

BELLE.—Oh! I had the worst shock this afternoon that I ever experienced. You know those flowers I was going to take down to the jail to that poor man who murdered all his first cousins? Well, I got into the wrong cell and gave them to a big, blear-eyed brute, who was there for robbing a banana-stand.

AN ATTEMPT.

"How would you define 'ennui'?"

"It's when you're tired of doing nothing, and too lazy to do something."



MRS. PAWNSTEIN.—Did you suffer much, Morris?—You vas grabbing at der air like a wild man.

MR. PAWNSTEIN.—Grabbing!—I should say I vas,—I dreamt I vas in a goldt mine!

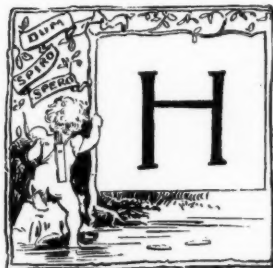


NO ALTERNATIVE.

SLOBSY SLOCUM.—De worse dose I ever got in me life wuz frum a New York judge;—he give me jess half an hour ter git out o' town.

DEWEY EAVE.—Dat wuz n't so bad.

SLOBSY SLOCUM.—Wuz n't so bad? W'y, I did n' hev a cent in me pockets an' wuz forced ter go ter Brooklyn!



THE MAIDENS TO SAINT VALENTINE.

AIL! SAINT VALENTINE, hail to you!
'Spite of your ill-natured flings.
Modesty had tacked a veil to you
But for your beautiful wings.
Let those who choose to, make light of you,
We never cared for a pale saint;
Love takes new life at first sight of you,
Hail Saint!

Hail! Saint Valentine, hail to you!
Eke to the gauds you bestow—
Saying sweet things must grow stale to you!
Why you enravish us so
Never has been very clear to us.
Must be because you're a male saint
That you're surpassingly dear to us,
Hail, Saint!

Edward W. Barnard.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

FARMER HONK.—What's the matter, Mandy? You look kinder frustrated!

MRS. HONK (*looking up from her newspaper*).—Oh! Ezry, I have been readin' a horrible story of a mortal combat between two men in a balloon! When they were two thousand feet up in the air they got to quarrelin', and pretty soon they attacked each other with bowie-knives. While they were still fightin' the balloon began to sink toward the sea, but they kept right on hackin' each other, and before it struck the water both men had bitten the dust!

FARMER HONK.—Good gosh!

PRESENT-DA' JOURNALISM.

MANAGING ARTIST (*to MANAGING EDITOR*).—I've come to see what you want me to do about a picture of that murder on Long Island, this afternoon.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Very well. Run up to Central Park, sketch one of the ponds, and put in a cross, entitled, "Where the Body was Found;" and another cross, labeled, "Where the Murderer Stood," and hurry right back.

IN THE RUSHLINE.

"I suppose," she remarked, somewhat bitterly, "that I make a mistake, but one's self-respect is worth something. I am determined to shop scientifically or not at all. I just *won't* slug, no matter what the consequences."

DISSATISFIED.

JUDGE.—As you have no counsel, I'll assign Mr. Baggs to defend you.

BURGLAR.—Judge, the last time he defended me I got three years, an' the evidence was n't a marker to what it is this trip.

RELIEVING HER MIND.

THE HEIRESS.—Papa, of course, is a self-made man.

HIS LORDSHIP.—Yes; but, my dear, my relatives are too well-bred ever to allude to that.

THE MISSION OF THE IMPECUNIOUS.

BROWN.—They say that ninety-five per cent. of the business of the country is done on credit.

JONES.—Yes; and there are lots of people hustling all they can to increase the proportion.

AN AID TO MEMORY.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL.—Were n't there nine Muses? I keep forgetting.

HER BROTHER.—Nine's right. Can't you think of a ball game—nine on each side and nine innings?

[IF SOME of the people who think they are ahead of the times would pause and look back, they might see that the times are not going in their direction at all.]



IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

MR. GOTROKS.—What!—you tell me you are going to marry Algy Van Chumpleigh? He has n't said a word to me about it.

ETHEL GOTROKS.—Of course not;—he does n't know it himself, yet!



JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

CHOLLY (*who stutters*).—P-P-Perhaps you have not noticed it, Miss Ethel, but I l-l-l—I—er—l-l-l—

ETHEL (*trembling violently*).—O Charley!—er—this is so sudden, you know!

CHOLLY.—I l-l-left my umbrella here two weeks ago, and should like to recover it!

UNIMPORTANT.

MAY.—There was an article in the paper on "grace" which I meant to read.

ETHEL.—Oh, I saw it! It merely referred to spiritual grace.

[IF IGNORANCE were bliss there would be less misery in the world.]



COMING TO IT FAST.

HONORIA.—An' ain't yez goin' to the ball this avenin' of the Gintlemin's Gintlemin Coterie?

DELIA.—How can I? Melia murder! Is n't it the Mis-thress's night out?

FOOTING IT.

FRIEND.—Is Walker Farr on the road now? The last time I saw him he told me he had a movement on foot for taking out a company of which he was the star.

HAMILTON HAMM (*the comedian*).—He duly organized and took the road, and one short month later he had a movement on foot for getting his company back from Oshkosh.

IN BOSTON.

With wrinkled brows and thoughtful air,
In his big blue eyes a look of care,
Inventing, doubtless, a better thing,
The baby chews his rubber ring.



DISCONCERTING.

BALLAD MONGER.—Here y' are, Mum! "I Love But Thee" and "My Mother was a Lady" for two cents!

OL' NUTMEG SAYINGS.

Ev'ry man orter use his material tew better advantage than by makin' a fool uv himself.

The road tew prosperretty now-a-days appears tew be full uv ruts an' washouts.

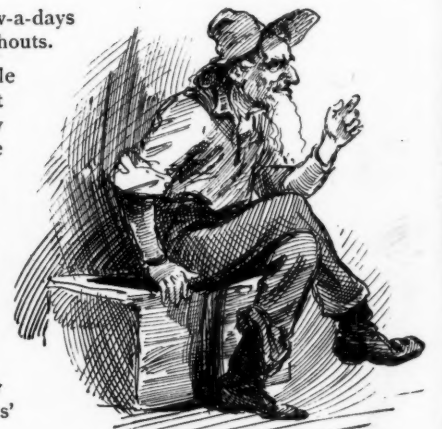
A man will putter roun' a bisickle ev'ry night in the week an' call it sport. Ef his wife arks him tew look at her sewin' machine the worl' suddenly grows dark an' humannerty is dead set ag'inst him.

Callin' a man a liar may be the exac' truth, but of'untimes it's the fust step tuds makin' funerial arrangements fur one party or the other.

The boy who is quickest tew obey his parunts makes the bes' sol'jer fur his country.

Any pusson who thinks he's a little lower than the angils hain't much idee uv the measurements of space.

Joe Cone.



THE GREAT danger in trying to get something for nothing is that you may get what you deserve.

DOCTORS DIFFER. Even doctors of divinity do not always dwell together in unity.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"SPIRITED AMERICANISM." THE DISCUSSION of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty continues to develop patriots who fear that our government is about to be hypnotized by the perfidious and loathsome British. Our able contemporary, *The Sun*, has been particularly serviceable as a mouthpiece for these lay-defenders. And if it is not now clear that England's aim is to beguile us into a position where we could not fight, however severe might be the provocation, it is not the *Sun's* fault. In the mass of letters it has printed to this effect, we have noted one from a Connecticut lady eighty years old, who, having the misfortune to be bed-ridden, was "propped up" so that she might tell us what a bad thing the treaty is. Having expressed her views she seemed to know where they would be most applauded, for "she exacted a promise that they be sent to the *Sun*." After this affecting tribute we don't wonder the *Sun* editor headed her letter "Spirited Americanism." We guess it is the most spirited thing we ever read, written by a lady eighty years old, while she was propped up in bed. Most of the old ladies who write for the *Sun* are not bed-ridden at all, but are real spry on their feet. It seems to this one that the proposed treaty "leaves the United States at the mercy of England and its monarchical friends." "Did it ever occur to our learned statesmen," she inquires ominously, "that England is trying to do by strategy what she has failed to do by bullets; that she has never forgiven us for gaining our liberty, nor for our success in the war of 1812?" We could wish that she had written more freely, for she gives the impression that she knows more than she cares to tell about certain evil designs of England. But we must be content with her hint that, in view of the fights we have already had with England, to agree not to fight her again without first talking the matter over would be a reckless act. Is it possible that our people have been misled as to the power of a peace-treaty? If this treaty be ratified, shall we wake up some morning and find ourselves British subjects, under some

speciously worded clause now lurking therein. Did our forefathers fight and die for our freedom only that we should give it all up by signing a peace-treaty? If more old ladies would give us the benefit of their surmises, and more of our great newspapers were conducted by old ladies, we might never have to brave the ills and perils of Peace.

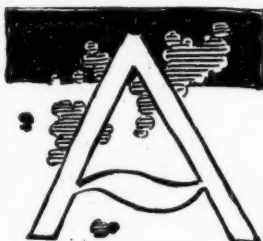
CONCERNING TWO SPORTS.

AS BETWEEN the two sports PUCK has contended many times that boxing is cleaner, more scientific, more healthful and in many ways more admirable than foot-ball. Especially is it to be preferred by reason of the lesser liability to physical injury. Foot-ball every year rolls up an appalling list of killed and wounded, and almost every game reveals a more offensive brutality than would a score of boxing-bouts. Because of this we have insisted that if either sport deserved to lie under the ban of the law, it was foot-ball. It is significant of an awakening to this truth that the legislatures of several States are now considering bills to make foot-ball a misdemeanor, while the State of Nevada has just enacted a law which permits boxing-contests. This is only fair to the better sport of the two; but it was an exhibition of unusual courage on the part of the Nevada authorities, since it is the fashion to condemn boxing as "brutal," although foot-ball kills and maims far more in proportion to the number of participants. So long as the law of any State discriminates between these two sports it is unjust and inconsistent.

THE RUM-DEMON HUNTED.

A SIMPLE-MINDED moralist from one of the rural districts of Western New York has introduced an "anti-treating" bill at Albany. Since he was first elected to the New York Assembly he has noticed that men who drink liquor have a way of buying the poison for one another, and he has reasoned that to prohibit this practice would work for temperance. His bill prescribes a fine of five dollars for the first offence and imprisonment for the second. Senator Humphrey should profit by the experience of his brother moralist, Senator Raines. The latter, in his artless, up-country way, sought to stop the sale of liquor on Sunday by decreeing that it might be sold only with "meals." Meals to him were eaten three a day and at conventional hours. He has lived to see that the inhabitants of this State are ready for a meal at almost any hour on Sunday. People who are content with three a day during the week betray a capacity for anywhere from three to twenty on the Sabbath. And hotel-keepers, on this day, feed so many people with so few sandwiches that the miracle of the loaves and fishes is well-nigh outdone. We are cynical enough to suspect that the hardened treater would evade Senator Humphrey's anti-treating law by a similar device. Instead of asking, as his baneful habit now is: "What are you fellows going to drink?" he would remark, with a knowing leer to the bartender, "Well, boys, have a meal with me!" and his low, coarse companions, forgetting the respect due to a law of the State of New York, would declare that a cheese sandwich was meal enough for them. Senator Humphrey's law should provide not only that no man may treat another to liquor, but that no man may ask another to breakfast, luncheon or dinner. Why not be logical and final with these laws?

A PLAUSIBLE REPORT.



ASSISTANT. — There seems to be no news from Constantinople.

EDITOR. — No? Well, suppose we say that "it is reported on good authority that the Sultan has requested the representatives of the powers to take a day off?"

SAFE.

HIS WIFE (*in alarm*). — And they want to send you to Cuba as a correspondent?

THE REPORTER. — Yes; but I'll be in no danger; I'm to remain with General Weyler all the time.

A CHANCE FOR ENTERPRISE.

BROWN. — I see that in Nevada they have legalized prize-fighting.
JONES. — Well, I suppose Nevada will get all the big fights.
BROWN. — You can't tell. Some other State may offer free stationery and postage-stamps.

AFTER A TALE OF WOE.

TOURIST. — You're not an optimist, are you?

FARMER. — No; I'm a Populist.

ONE OF MANY.

"Is that an argument on the tariff you're reading?"

"No. I suppose it was intended as an argument, but it's merely a speech."

WHEN ALL is lost save our honor, it is pretty hard to realize on the salvage.

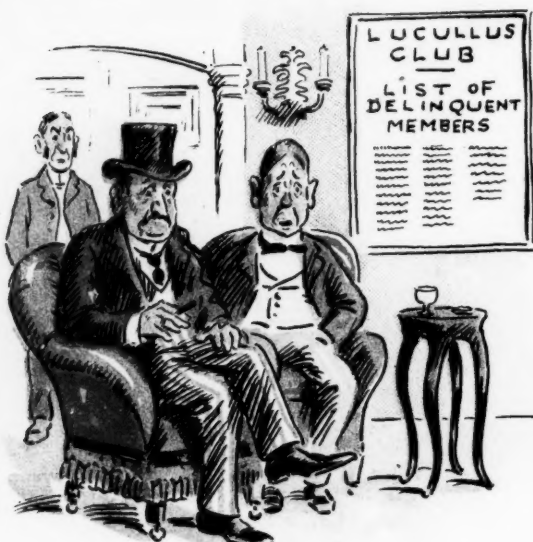


A GREEN AND SPEEDY OLD AGE.

NATIVE (*in Arkansas*). — Yes, sir, this here climate's the healthiest on the face of the earth!

STRANGER. — Healthiest! What, with all these swamps around? I'll bet the folks don't live to be very old!

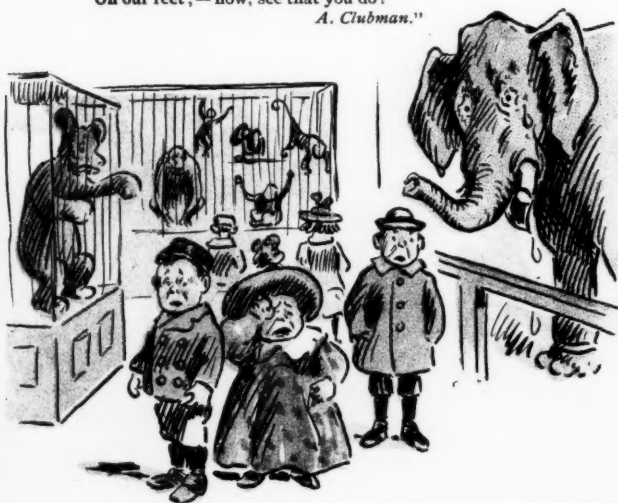
NATIVE. — Why, Man, a feller'll be older here when he's forty than he will when he's seventy in the other doggoned parts of the country!



AT THE CLUB.
 "The times have been hard, and we've felt it sore—
 And some of us did n't pull through;
 But we count on you to put us once more
 On our feet;—now, see that you do!"
A. Clubman."



AT THE WOOD YARD.
 "At present we must sever wood,
 Our daily feed to earn—
 Just hurry up that blamed good time
 When we such jobs kin spurn."
T. Tatters and W. Raggles."



YOUTHFUL HOPES.
 "Oh! we are certain there will be
 A big wave of Prosperitee,
 With loads of popcorn, nuts and cakes
 To feed the elephants and snakes."
The Kids."



THE HUNGRY HEATHEN.
 "We far-off heathen, hapless wights,
 Clad chiefly in our appetites,
 Expect through you a fresh relay
 Of missionaries come to stay.
 A well-filled ship we hope to greet;
 Come!—hurry up! we're out of meat."
The Benighted Heathen Food Supply Co."



THE WISTFUL NOBLES.
 "O William McKinley! please don't wait a day,
 But chase dot prosperity in;
 So dis chob as a cook I can quit right away,
 Und marry a Mädchen mit tin."
Bavon Liverwürst."

"H't it's a blooming cold day for a peer, H'i say,
 When 'e 'as to h'eat liver and beans—
 Then hasten, h'old chappie, h'and put in me way
 A girl with a father h'of means."
Lord Alfred Lushley."

"I come to disa countree to get
 Ze wife wiz money—I haf not yet;
 But, Signor McKinley, I pray you, sare,
 Wiz great fastness send one zat is fair."
Marquis de Garlique."



O William! you are fated to be
 sadly agitated
 Ere your term's out, though
 you may not think it now.



THE REAL ESTATE AGENT.
In damp and dismal Lonelyville
Where lurks the dread malaria,
I dream of all the lots I'll sell,
And almost have hysteria.
I Gougem, Agent."



THE CABBY.

"I'm waiting, Mac, expectantly for your inauguration,
And occupy my idle time in pleasant meditation.
If business booms I'll be the flower of courtliest urbanity;
If not, you'll hear me mention you in terms of rank profanity.
Hansom 2001."



THE DOCTOR.

"Say, William, I depend upon your new administration
To send me droves of patients for a daily consultation.
You've got to boom the market in the chills and fever line;
So get to work at once if you would heed my valentine.
I. Dosem, M. D."



YANCIENT MAYDES.

"Fond hope revives and lifts its head
In our antique hearts where hope seemed dead;
For who can tell what men will dare
When times are good and prospects fair?
The Misses Waile."



THE ACTOR'S HOPE.

"Prithce, good President, show your might,
And bring back the days that were palmy,
When they flocked to hear tragedy night after night,
And pay-days were frequent and balmy.
Walker Ham."

"O Friend of Home Industry, get in your work
On the vaudeville artists that flock to our shore,
The Frenchman, Italian, Spaniard and Turk,
And boom up the good old 'legit' once more.
The REAL Actors."

ST. VALENTINE MCKINLEY.

fated to be for the people are depending on Prosperity unending,
from your rule — and if it lags there 'll be a row.
out, though
think it now.
So, William, please remember to be careful what you do,
For here are many blessings that the people want from you.

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ROUGH ON HIM.

CHAPPIE.— Clothes don't make the man.
SHE.— No. Don't you wish they did?

A VALENTINE VICTIM.



WITHOUT DOUBT he was very much in love with Prue, and had been for a long time; in fact, he could hardly remember when he had not cared for her. It began when they were children together at dancing-school, and she, a graceful witch with slender black-silk legs, and a bronze mane of hair, had made fun of him as "that big, awkward boy."

That was years ago; and although he was no longer a boy, but a good deal of a man, the rest of her mocking, childish phrase still seemed painfully appropriate to him. Especially was this so whenever he obtained that

bitter-sweet privilege, so covetable to the thought, so ambiguous in the realization, a tête-a-tête with her. For then her big topaz eyes were full of suppressed mirth over his every attempt at the poetic or sentimental, and her little laugh was like an arithmetical rule for reducing his fraction of self-possession to its lowest terms.

But as the day of the lover's patron saint drew on, he took courage, for he had an idea. This was gained from some airy verses he had read, and by it he hoped he could present his love to Prue in a fashion that might take her fancy.

So, after the reckless use of much thought and writing materials, on the fourteenth morning of February he despatched this note to his capricious idol, thinking, in spite of his usual self-depreciation, that it embodied his sentiments rather neatly:

"My Darling Prue—

"At this time in other years I have sent you flowers, which you have been gracious enough to accept. To-day I want to express the same feeling in a different way, and substitute myself for the flowers as your Valentine, with the ardent hope that I may be treated as they have been.

"Devotedly yours,

"Kenneth."

As the hours of that day went slowly by, business, lunch, people and streets were but an indistinct accompaniment to his crescendo of expectation, and late in the afternoon a little leisurely blue boy brought him this answer:

"Dear Ken.:

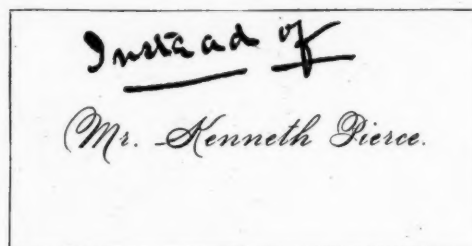
"It is a pity to disturb such a pleasant precedent by making a dubious change; so, on the whole, I think I prefer the customary roses.

"Friendly as ever,

"Prue."

That night the American Beauties that came to her in their long box

bore a card on which these words were written with the spattering dash of a despairing stub:



Katharine Perry.

HER LITTLE MISTAKE.

"The young man had his Keokuk with him," explained Mrs. Grayneck, "an' wanted to take a picture of the old well with Jason workin' the sweep."

"What d'ye say he had with him?" inquired her husband.

"His Keokuk—the machine he took the photographs with."

AMPLE TIME.

HIS FATHER.— If you don't devote *some* time to study, I don't know what kind of a lawyer you expect to be.

THE LAW STUDENT.— There's plenty of time, Father. I understand that you never get a case that requires any knowledge of law until about five years after you are admitted.

HIS THEORY.

SHE.— Ah! This gas bill is quite reasonable.

HE.— Must be a clerical error.

ONLY HUMAN.

"No," said the Dog-faced Boy, as gently as possible; "I find upon reflection that I can not give you my whole heart, and I therefore ask that our engagement be considered at an end."

The Infant Prodigy wept.

"Alas!" she sighed, when she was alone; "he is only human, after all."



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MORE THAN LIKELY.

MRS. HARDACRE (in disgust—seeing the ballet for the first time).

— Well! That beats me!

MR. HARDACRE.— You bet it does!

A LONESOMEHURST EVENING INCIDENT.



"DO YOU hear about the absurd exhibition some of the persons going to the Firemen's Ball, were treated to, last night?" testily asked Mr. Isolate, addressing his suburban neighbor, Mr. Hermitage, as he stopped before that gentleman's cottage, on his way up from the railroad station of lovely Lonesomehurst, night before last.

"No; you'll have to tell me about it," Mr. Hermitage responded with interest. "The fact is," he added, his eyes sparkling at the thought, though he tried to speak indifferently, "I had a day off, to-day, and I've been celebrating it white-washing the cellar; so I have seen nobody."

"Well," fumed Mr. Isolate, with difficulty concealing his envy at his friend's words, "it was all due to pretty Alethea Obscurely marrying that imbecile dude, Park Plaza, from New York, when she had the pick of all the eligible young men in beautiful Lonesomehurst to choose from. There

is no use arguing the matter, a person addicted to the artificial and altogether undesirable life of the city can never truly conform to the simple, poetic existence of the suburb. It may be only idle gossip, but I understand that, to begin with, Alethea and Plaza had difficulty in agreeing about their wedding journey; Plaza desiring to visit Niagara and Washington, while Alethea wished to make the trip an idealistic one by visiting the different suburbs of Philadelphia and others of universal interest and note. But, to return to last night's disgraceful affair; and, remember, Alethea and her loon husband have only been home in their new cottage on picturesque Swampview Avenue two days," Mr. Isolate continued, impressively. "It seems Plaza was called to the city suddenly. Alethea urged him to go, though he feared to leave her alone; and when he had hurried off to catch the Seventy-three local, she quietly and sensibly got out a pair of Plaza's old Summer trousers, a frockcoat and two feather pillows, and with them a 'false front' of hair and piece of fur mat, for whiskers, she soon had constructed as good a dummy as her own mother had ever made.

"Putting the dummy in Plaza's chair, she sat down by its side, cuddling up close to it, and began to read the morning paper, little dreaming, poor girl, what was in store for her. You and I never miss trains. No real suburbanites do. But that loon, Plaza, used to, every time he visited Alethea; and he came dillydallying back from the station now, twenty minutes after leaving his cottage, in what must have been a beastly frame of mind. When he caught a glimpse through the window of his little wife, with her head peacefully resting on the breast of the dummy, he never thanked his stars that he had such a clever, precautionary little body for a better-half—not he! but he raised a deuce of a row! Commuter, who was passing, says he danced about on the porch like a wet hen and dropped his night-key a dozen times while he was trying to unlock the door, scaring Alethea half to death inside the house; for she, poor soul, had no idea it was he, but thought it a burglar. Commuter could hear her talking to the dummy like everything, and he thought Plaza, who could hear her, too, ought to know enough to sing out that it was only he; only Plaza did n't. In fact, Commuter says, it seemed to enrage Plaza still more to hear her talking lovingly to the dummy. Yes, sir! And when he did finally jerk the door open, he tore into the house like mad; and instead of cheerfully helping his half-fainting little wife to take the dummy to pieces and upstairs, as we do when we come home late, after leaving our wives alone, what does he do but swoop down on that unoffending, well-meaning dummy like a wild Indian, grab it up savagely and fire it through the window, glass and all, bodily!—and just as a lot of folks were passing on their way to the ball.



SOMETHING ON HIS MIND.

CANNIBAL KING.—You have n't succeeded in fattening the captive?

THE CHIEF COOK.—No; he's losing flesh all the time. I think he's worrying about something.

"He must have come out later and taken in the scattered pillows and clothing from the lawn, and climbed up and gotten down the trousers from the apple-tree; for they were n't there when the ball was through, and the blinds were closed over the broken window. But everyone in lovely Lonesomehurst is sympathizing with pretty Alethea for having such a hasty, excitable husband."

Con Converse.

ON THE ELEVATED.

FIRST PASSENGER.—I don't think they allow dogs in the L-cars.

SECOND PASSENGER.—No? I suppose that must be out of consideration for the dogs.

APPARENTLY NON COMPOS.

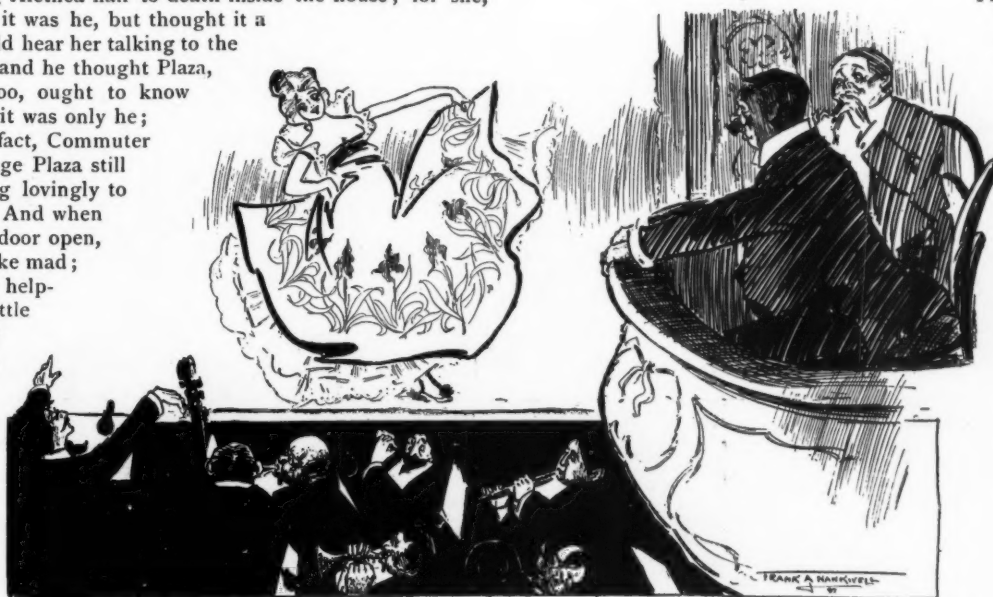
THE CONTESTANT.—My uncle was violently opposed to foot-ball—

THE LAWYER.—Aha! Then he could not have been in his senses when he left his money to endow a college!

THERE ARE things which it is impossible to describe, and people who talk you to death in the attempt to describe them.

LIFE IS a poker game in which only a few wise ones know when to get cold feet.

WHEN A WOMAN will, she will; and yet when she says she will, she may not.



FROM THE BOX.

"That dancer does make up, does n't she?"

"Yes; it's a wonder she does n't get painter's colic!"

RESERVED.

LAWYER.—I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything?

PRISONER.—Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

Nine Years
Experience
has proven
it.

They
Stand
the
Racket

PHOENIX BICYCLES

are best of all high grade wheels.
Our Art Catalogue gives all the good points.
Sent free.
Stover Bicycle Mfg. Co., Freeport, Ills.

"Just as Good as Scott's Emulsion"

You hear it in nine out
of ten drug stores.

It is the reluctant testimony of 40,000 druggists that Scott's Emulsion is the standard of the world.

And isn't the kind all others try to range up to, the kind for you to buy?

Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00.

WHENEVER the devil is called by his right name, some prominent men are sure to be offended.—*Ram's Horn.*



WHITE ROSE
TRADE MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP

Upheld by Beautiful Women
Everywhere as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having

No. 4711. White Rose Transparent Glycerine Soap. Send 15 cents in stamps for sample cake.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS



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ON THE TIES.
FIRST ACTOR.—Many a time my poor old father implored me not to become an actor.
SECOND ACTOR.—Don't worry, old man,—you did n't.

Half A MILLION Dollars
To be Given Away in Articles of Real Value to the Users of

Mail Pouch TOBACCO

CHewing & SMOking
NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

One Coupon in each 5 cent Package and Two Coupons in each 10 cent Package. Coupons Give Full Information and List of Valuable Articles. MAIL POUCH TOBACCO is sold by all Dealers. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Valuable Articles with Explanation how to get them, MAILED ON REQUEST. THE BLOCH BROS. TOBACCO CO., WHEELING, WEST VA. No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897.

How a good man enjoys gossip if he has the excuse of "I hear," or "they say!"—*Atchison Globe.*

ONE reason why we don't like continued stories is that they are discontinued so much.—*West Union Gazette.*



THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER

Faultless in Construction, Self-adjusting, Always Easy.

Our new **Velvet Grip**

Cushioned Button Clasp holds the Stocking Securely. No Slipping, Tearing or Unfastening in use.

Be Sure You Get the Genuine

Of your Dealer or Sample pair, by mail: Cotton 25¢; Silk 30¢. **GEORGE BROS. CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

H. E. CURTIS & CO'S
Hapi TRADE MARK — 2³/₄ INCHES HIGH 25¢

FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.



RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI, O.
Popular Cocktails

WHISKEY
MANHATTAN
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
BRANDY
GIN
TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination, Quality, Purity and Brilliance.
For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

FLAT AND UNFLATTERING.
"That Miss Bingle is as straight as a geometrical problem."
"I don't know about that; but her face is certainly a decidedly plane surface."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 90 William Street, New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 716 Market Street, Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. B. McCLEGG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.



Duplicate Whist
Simple as the old game with the

Kalamazoo Whist Trays

USED BY ALL LEADING WHIST CLUBS

... Ask your STATIONER or ...
IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, KALAMAZOO, MICH.
Descriptive Catalogue and Full Information by Mail.

The Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays are newest and best of all. Simplest to operate. Cards easily inserted, securely held, easily removed. Small and neat appearance. Always ready. Never out of order.

THE WORLD OF GLITTER.

MR. DINKELSTEIN.—Allow me to congratulate you; you have celebrated your silver-wedding. You received many nice presents, I hope?

MR. DUNKELHEIM.—Oh! my guests seemed to be all mistaken! Judging by their presents, they must have thought I celebrated my silver-plated wedding.—*German Exchange.*

Somerset Club



Absolutely
Pure.
Very Old.
Delicious
Flavor.

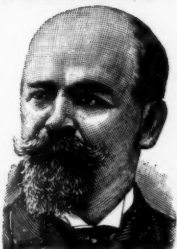
Rye Whiskey.

DISTILLED IN MARYLAND.

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for express charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

THE TRIBUNE BICYCLE



THE BLACK MFG. CO., Erie, Pa.

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, HEART-BURN, and all Stomach Troubles relieved and cured in short order by **FLORAPLEXION**. Sample bottle free by mail. Every drop is worth its weight in gold when you need it. Address Franklin Hart, 92 John St., New York.

Arnold Constable & Co. LYONS SILKS.

Check Taffetas,
Plaid Taffetas,
Glacé Taffetas.

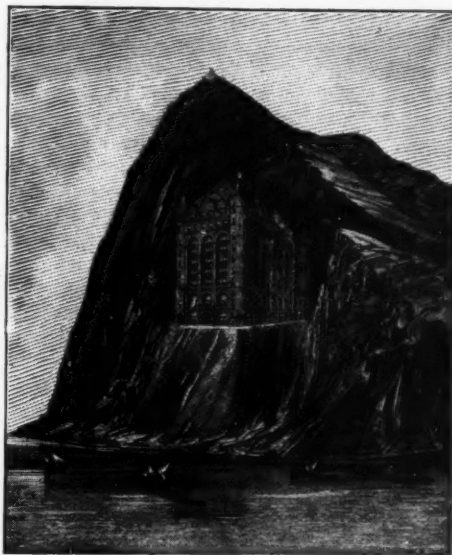
Black and White Plaid Silks,
White and Black Stripe Silks,
Brocades for Evening Wear,
White Silks for Wedding Gowns.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cautions help when all else fails. Glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. FREE
Send to F. H. H. Co., 855 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Fruits.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tale & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

THE PRUDENTIAL



... HAS ...

Assets,
\$19,541,827

Income,
\$14,158,445

Surplus,
\$4,034,116

Insurance in force,
\$320,453,483

Protects over half a million homes
through nearly 2,500,000 policies.

The youngest of the great leaders of the Life Insurance Companies of the world, THE PRUDENTIAL, furnishes Life Insurance for the whole family. Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, half-yearly and yearly.

FIVE YEARS STEADY SWEEP ONWARD

	Dec. 31—1891.	Dec. 31—1896.	Increase in 5 years.
Assets,	\$6,889,674	\$19,541,827	\$12,652,153
Surplus,	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income,	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
Insurance in force,	157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
Interest Earnings,	290,348	825,801	535,452

\$1,260 OF ASSETS FOR EVERY
\$1,000 OF LIABILITIES.

The New Industrial (weekly premium) policy
of The Prudential is profit sharing. Write

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

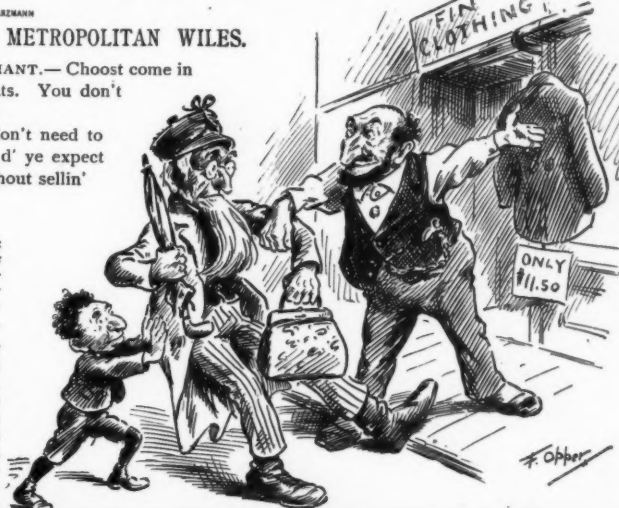
PREPARED FOR METROPOLITAN WILES.

CLOTHING MERCHANT.—Choost come in undt look at der goats. You don't need to buy nodings.

UNCLE JOSH.—I don't need to buy? Gol darn yer, d' ye expect ter git my money without sellin' me anything?

The New York public knows that Dr. Siger's is the only genuine Angostura Bitters. It is useless to offer an imitation.

We have seen 347 pictures of women in newspapers to-day, and the only one who did not wear her dress cut low in the neck was advertising a union suit undergarment.—*Atchison Globe.*



The NORTH-WESTERN LIMITED

A SUPERBLY APPOINTED TRAIN PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL
To ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS
DULUTH, THE SUPERIORS

LEAVES CHICAGO DAILY VIA THE
CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

PRINCIPAL EASTERN OFFICES:

423 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

5 STATE ST.
BOSTON

208 CLARK ST
CHICAGO

MAUDE.—Miriam is trying to keep her engagement a secret.

MARTHA.—How do you know?

"She told me so."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A GOOD cook is one who can make stewed prunes taste as if she had washed them before cooking them.—*Atchison Globe.*



CALVÉ

SAYS:

"The genuine JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract has done wonders for me. I use it constantly, and find myself much benefited thereby. It aids digestion, tones the system, and makes me strong enough to withstand the great nervous strain occasioned by my professional duties."

EMMA CALVÉ.

Ask for the Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT. ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Blair's Pills
Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

WINTON BICYCLES

"THE WINTON IS A WINNER."
Winton Bicycles are made in 4 heights of frames. If you buy a Winton you can get the proper size to fit you and without extra charge. Send for Catalogue P.

THE WINTON BICYCLE CO.,
136 Perkins Ave., Cleveland, O.
N. Y. Office, 123 Chambers Street.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CANDY
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
21, 23, 25 & 27 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Beekman St., All kinds of Paper made to order.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

PILES
and CONSTIPATION cured free. A sample of the best remedy on earth mailed free of charge. Prof. Fowler, Medusa, Conn.

THE PURE ALUMINUM MATCH SAFE is the best made. Sent to any address for \$1.00. ANSONIA SAFE CO., Ansonia, Ct.

IF YOUR ears stand out like a school-er's sails and make windy walking difficult, have them set back by JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d Street, New York. Operations are painless.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1896.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	\$32,021,426.97
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages...	26,088,242.94
United States Stocks, State Stocks and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1896 (market value over cost, \$2,796,862.63) ..	113,077,465.66
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1896, \$14,738,055)	11,723,700.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	16,670,386.37
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest ..	11,262,939.63
Balances due from agents	632,697.20
Interest and Rents due and accrued	518,896.58
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	2,578,037.00
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	2,200,155.00
Assets Dec. 31, 1896	\$216,773,947.35

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1896, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1896. The Real Estate belonging to the Society has been appraised by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and is stated at the reduced valuation as shown in the official report of the examination of the Society, dated July 9, 1895.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.
ALFRED W. MAINE, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing policies, calculated on a 4% standard, and all other Liabilities	\$173,496,768.23
Surplus, on a 4% standard	\$43,277,179.12

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. Dividends will be declared, as heretofore, on the basis of a 4% standard.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
J. G. VAN CISE, Assistant Actuary.

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	\$36,089,357.71
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	8,921,700.67
Income	\$45,011,058.38

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	\$12,380,249.00
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,096,193.24
Annuities	410,793.31
Surrender Values	3,582,301.09
Matured Tontine Values	2,041,970.20
Dividends paid to Policy-holders	2,425,932.61
Paid Policy-holders	\$21,937,439.45
Commission, advertising, postage and exchange	4,330,268.30
All other payments: Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, &c.	3,736,714.26
Disbursements	\$30,004,422.01

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1896	\$915,102,070.00
New Assurance written in 1896	\$127,694,084.00
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined	\$21,678,467.00

We, the undersigned appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1896, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. BOUDINOT COLT, } Special Committee
T. S. YOUNG, } of the
G. W. CARLETON, H. J. FAIRCHILD, } Board of Directors.

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GAGE E. TARBELL, *Third Vice-President.*
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EDWARD CURTIS, *Medical Director.*

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A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

THE CHARM OF WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY.



Home Portraiture, Flash-light pictures of fire-side groups, views of the glittering landscape—all are easy and delightful with the Pocket Kodak. It loads in Daylight with our Film Cartridges or can be used with plates. Improved shutter, set of three stops, splendid lens. *Booklet Free.*

Pocket Kodak, loaded for 12 exposures, 1 1/2 x 2 inches, \$5.00
Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 1 1/2 x 2 in. .25

Pocket Kodaks, \$5.00
Bullets, to
Bulls-Eyes. \$15.00
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST



HIS LITTLE JOKE.

"Yea, Brother, the days pass slow, I'll agree,"
Said the fat old monk, right mirthfully.
"And the slowest of all—'t is strange, I say!—
Is Friday, although it's a fast day."

When arranging your next

TOUR to EUROPE

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